

GOOD LIVER REMEDY FREE

When you suffer from any form of indigestion it is always well to take something for the liver, as usually the trouble lies there. If you are bilious, have a bloated feeling after eating, if you feel that your skin is yellowish you may be sure it is liver trouble.

What you need is something to stir up the liver, to arouse the gastric juices so that they will aid in the digestion of your food. A very good remedy for this, and one highly recommended by those who have used it, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which you can obtain at any drugstore at fifty cents or one dollar a bottle. But if you have any doubt about its merits, and would prefer to try it first, send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will promptly send you a free sample bottle.

Thousands of people first learned

of this remarkable cure for stomach, liver and bowel troubles through a free sample. Mrs. Frank Lilly of Plainview, Ill., sent for one and it cured her and she is open in saying that she will never take pills or strong cathartics again, as Syrup Pepsin acts so mildly. Mr. W. L. Bryant, the Postmaster at Sardis, Tenn., says he will never be without it again. No sick person can afford to ignore a remedy so highly endorsed as this. It is good for all the family from infancy to old age, because it is mild, free from griping and yet promptly effective. Furthermore, results are absolutely guaranteed or money will be refunded.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 402 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Hogwallow News.

The deacons of the Dog Hill church have appointed Ellick Hellwanger and Yam Sims a committee to go up close to the hornets nest at the church and ascertain how long it will be before services can again be resumed there.

A stranger came into Hogwallow this week. He is peddling out territory for a patent stove-eye, and sold Fletcher Henstep half of the United States for three dollars.

A swarm of yellow-jackets pursued the deputy constable for a considerable distance yesterday, and they were not driven back until he had turned and fired several shots at them from behind a stump.

The mail carrier did not make his usual trip to Tickville and return this week. He started out on regular time from the Hogwallow postoffice Monday morning, but before progressing far he had the misfortune to see a black cat cross the road in front of him.

A blind man living near Bounding Billows has been almost persuaded to join the Exalted Order of the Knights. This will be a good movement for a blind man, but it will be an awful waste of money for the blind man.

Miss Frazie Allsop will entertain a few choice friends Monday afternoon in honor of the new moon.

It is rumored that Ellick Hellwanger is preparing to elope with the jailer's daughter at Tickville. If such does happen it will be a romantic culmination of a happy courtship which started when she began to play on the organ while Ellick was in jail.

The arithmetic class at the Wild Onion school house has been hopelessly hung up this week on an example. The problem has to do with the age of Miss Hostetter Hocks.

Luke Mathewsia is preparing to apply for a pension on account of his having been badly frightened during the war.

Prof. Sap Spradlen has donned a new shirt, a better pair of pants and some new shoes and on this account he is expecting the trustees to make some corresponding improvements on the school house.

Jefferson Potlocks is packing up and preparing to move over on the west side of Musket Ridge, where he can sleep longer every morning on account of the sun rising later.

Sidney Hocks dreamed last night that he was kicked by a mule. The horse doctor was called this morning, but could not find no broken bones.

Atlas Peck spent a few days of this week in the Calf Ribs section, and upon his return was accompanied by a brindle cow.

Tobe Mosely has filed a claim on and taken possession of two persimmon trees near Hogwallow.

Miss Frazie Allsop's new hat caused Poke Eazley's mule to

run away Tuesday evening. The mule ran for some distance when it reached the forks of the road and then being undecided as to which way to go, stopped and turned back.

Cricket Hicks spent Saturday afternoon at the Hog Ford church tracing down the pedigree of a rabbit dog he is about to swap his spotted cow for.

Raz Barlow has blossomed out in a new hat and celluloid collar. He is getting himself to look just about right in order to make a lasting impression on a girl with a farm in the Calf Ribs community. If Raz gets to stirring about too much we will have to enlarge our society columns.

The season for yarn socks and sorghum molasses is in the near distance. The pumpkin is also about ready to roll out into the corn row and hump its yellow back to catch the early morning frost.

The old miser who has been living in the deserted cabin in the Gander Creek bottoms has moved into a house on Musket Ridge, where he will be closer to Atlas Peck's sweet potato patch.

The postmaster says that no more stovepipes will be sent through the postoffice as mail matter.

The best plaster. A piece of flann dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on over the affected parts is superior to a plaster and costs only one tenth as much. For sale by all dealers.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

They say that the minister's boy is wild and wicked and bad, that he is shiftless, lazy and thrifless, short on ambition, long on straw rides, pool and poker, shy on useful work, churlish, boorish, a ninny, and a nance.

Compared with other boys, we are told by those who pretend to know, he is everything that they are not and nothing that they are. The one builds and enriches the world by his industry they and the other, contributing nothing in helpful effort to the civilization of which he is a part, lives by the brawn, and the brain of his brother. One wins the big prizes of life and the other, inert, inept, muscle-bound and indifferent, though alike in origin and destiny to the other boy, is a straggler in the

procession, just so much flotsam on the sea of progress. If it were true—but it isn't—this would be a severe indictment of that vast army of hard working, honest, sincere, whole souled and whole hearted men, who for a comparatively small pittance, work night and day to keep us on the straight path and out of jail, and to whom we have recourse as a faithful friend, when we want to place that little gold circlet on the finger of the girl we love, or need some one to christen the baby, bring cheer and comfort to the sick and send the dead properly accredited to Peter at the pearly gate.

When the fellow with a grievance against the minister's boy hikes along with his bile, remind him that Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, which broke down the feudal walls of the old world and made the universe akin, by bringing the most isolated and remote corner of the habitable globe into instant touch with the centres of civilization, was a minister's son and the grandson of Jonathan Edwards one of the greatest preachers who ever lived. Tell him that Grover Cleveland and Chester Allan Arthur, two of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States were minister's sons and regarded it as an asset and a help rather than a handicap.

And that General Nathaniel Greene, the trusted friend and ally of Washington, at the battle of Trenton, Princeton, Germantown and Brandywine, was the God fearing son of a patriotic Quaker dominee and was none the less useful as a citizen because he was valorous as a soldier. Also Joseph Addison, the English author and master word painter; William Cowper, the poet, Charlotte Bronte and John Fletcher, disciples of Parnassus, whose muse and writings set the world a thinking, were the children of clergymen. So were the late E. H. Harriman, the genius who standardized American railroads, and "Bob" Ingersoll, who sored by the hardships endured by his mother, through the fickleness of country congregations in shifting his father from pillar to post in search of a meagre living, became with Voltaire and Paine, one of the world's greatest free thinkers and the principal apostle of the new "show me" philosophy. K. M. Turner, the brilliant contemporary of Thomas A. Edison and Alexander Graham Bell, in electrical research, inventor of the acousticon, the dictograph, the interior telephone and other useful devices that make for present day efficiency, lays it to his father, Parson "Jim" Turner, a quiet, thoughtful Baptist preacher of Indiana, that he is what he is. Another conspicuous son of a Baptist clergyman who credits the helpful influence of his father with being a potential factor in his climb to fame is Charles Evans Hughes, former Governor of New York and now associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

So when the fellow with the grouch on the Minister's boy comes around, and begins to hammer, just remember these things. Pass 'em out to him and it'll wake him up. If he's made of the right stuff he'll feel like a boob for talking the way he does and maybe he'll wish that he too was a minister's boy.

Chronic rheumatism contracts the muscles, distorts the joints and undermines the strength. A powerful penetrating and relieving remedy will be found in BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It restores strength and suppleness to the aching limbs. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Jas. H. Orme.

CROSS LANES

Well, here comes Cross Lanes again. Hope we are welcome after being silent so long.

Health in this section, is not good at this writing.

Mrs. Sallie Moore and grand-daughter, Miss Fultie Nunn, were pleasant callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moore, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams and little son made a flying to Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Kate O'Neal visited Mrs. Lucy Moore Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamp Wolfe are the proud parents of two fine boys, which arrived at their home Oct. 12th.

Miss Kitty Crisp spent Tuesday evening with Miss Ruby L. Moore.

Bros Lane and Vaughn closed a two weeks' meeting at Baker Friday night, with only two conversions. Each and every christian did their part toward getting sinners saved and we feel that their prayers will not be in vain.

Tuesday evening Oct. 4th, 1911, the death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Truitt, and took from their loving and tender embrace their beautiful little son, Glen. He was sick only a few days. Glen was a bright beautiful little babe, petted and loved by all who knew him. But God saw fit to take him home. He has gone to a far more beautiful and better place than this, to a home where sickness and sorrow never comes. We say to the sorrowing ones, grieve not for little Glen for we know he is with Jesus and His angels. Glen is now standing on that bright heavenly shore waiting and watching for papa and mama to come home. We know it is hard to give him up but dear ones it does not mean separation for ever. We can not bring him back but we can go to him. We know your home is lonely but let us prepare ourselves to meet little Glen in that bright and happy home where pain nor death never comes, where peace and love forever more. Little Glen was laid to rest in the Mt. Zion cemetery Oct. 5th, the funeral services were conducted by Bro. Hyde. Glen leaves father, mother and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss. We say to the bereaved ones, weep not, for God doeth all things well. Oh, mother, why not release thy hold and lay me down to sleep, our Savior will gather His lambs to His fold. Now mother do weep, this earth is cold and drear, polluted with vice and sin, its habitations without rest and cheer. Christ came my soul to win, now fold my hands across my breast and gently lay me down to sleep. Oh, mother, how peaceful the rest, my joy is full, do not weep. Oh, mother and father, when life is o'er and you are wearied with strife meet your darling boy on yonder shore and enjoy the heavenly life.

A precious one from us has gone
A voice we loved is still
A place is vacant in your home
That never can be filled.

—A Friend.

How Much will You Pay

to have your eyes cured; Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve only costs 25cts., and will cure. Good for nothing but the eyes.

Involves Expenditure of \$1,000,000

Washington, Oct. 18.—Plans for the erection of a great Presbyterian temple in honor of the memory of the late Justice Harlan, of the supreme court of the United States, are being considered here. It is suggested that \$1,000,000 be raised by subscription throughout the country to build the temple. Justice Harlan, during the latter years of his life, hoped to interest Presbyterians in the erection of a temple, to be the meeting place of the governing body of the church, and the plan proposed by friends here is to carry out his idea and at the same time provide an appropriate memorial to the distinguished jurist.

A Bowel Trouble

Is relieved almost instantly by using Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain. It destroys disease germs and stops inflammation. Keep a bottle in the house. Sold everywhere.

McCONNELL & WIGGINS
TONSorial ARTISTS
BATH ROOM IN CONNECTION
PRESS BUILDING
BUSY BEE BLOCK

Shorthorn Cattle Killed in Wreck

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 19.—Eleven head of premium short horn cattle, valued at \$40,000, and belonging to the Elmendorf stock farm of James B. Haggin, were killed in a railroad wreck near Asheville, N. C. This intelligence was received by C. H. Berryman, manager of Elmendorf, in a telegram. The cattle were in the Elmendorf farm private stock car returning from the Virginia State Fair at Richmond. No details of the wreck were given, other than it happened near Farrell, N. C. which is near Asheville, and that all the stock in the car except a bull calf were killed.

Another car loaded with fine Shropshire sheep, which had been exhibited by the Elmendorf farm at Richmond, was only

MARION BANK

Of Marion, Kentucky.

OFFICERS: J. W. BLUE, Pres.; SAM GUGENHEIM, Vice Pres.
J. V. HAYDEN, 2nd Vice Pres.; T. J. YANDELL, Cashier;
D. WOODS, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS: SAM GUGENHEIM, H. A. HAYNES, C. S. NUNN,
W. J. DEBOE, H. K. WOODS.

It is the policy of this Bank to aid in every legitimate way and assist in the development and financial interests of Marion and Crittenden county. To that end we ask your co-operation and trust it may be your pleasure to place your account with Marion Bank.

Our institution is examined twice a year by a State Bank Examiner, at our solicitation and expense. All business intrusted to us will receive prompt attention.

J. W. BLUE, President, T. J. YANDELL, Cashier.

partly wrecked, according to the telegram, and the sheep were unhurt. The five attendants with the stock escaped injury.

The cattle killed in the wreck were Elmendorf Marshall, a bull valued at \$10,000; Music Master, King Oakdale, Lavender Marshall, Rose of Elmendorf, Rose of Strathallen, Cumberland's Second, King Strawberry, Elmendorf Butterfly, Marshall Maid, King Amethyst. Notwithstanding the great value of the cattle killed, the greatest blow to Mr. Haggin lies in the fact that the cattle had not been bought, but were all raised at Elmendorf, and were the cream of the fine shorthorn cattle, which have been bred and reared here.

Boys Here's Your Chance.

St. Louis, Oct. 19.—Miss Gertrude Burk, of Chicago, largest woman in the world, weighing two and one half times as much as President Taft, is visiting at the home of Mrs. H. W. Hayes, in Alton, Ill.

Miss Burk is 22 years old, weighs 825 pounds, stands 5 feet 7 inches and some of her measurements are: Arm, 28 inches, waist, 54; bust, 75. She wears No. 41-2 shoes and No. 7 gloves. When she was born Miss Burk weighed 15 pounds and at 8 years old she weighed 250. At the Hayes home she sits on two chairs placed facing each other.

Miss Burk goes through doors by turning sideways, and it is a pretty hard squeeze at that. The Hayeses have an iron bed which Miss Burk occupies and thus obviates the chances of her dreams being disturbed by crashing furniture.

Efforts have been made by showmen to get Miss Burk to exhibit herself, but she has never been tempted. Her parents left her an estate and she does not need the money.

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